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SOME FINE STEERS.

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Commercial



C. S. Bingham, Vernon, Mich., Importer and Breeder of Shropshire Sheep.

EVERGREEN PLACE STOCK FARM.

This week we give a very good likeness of Mr. C. S. Bingham, of Evergreen Place Stock Farm, Vernon, Mich. He is probably as well known to breeders of Shropshires as any man in the State, and has certainly worked up a big business in this popular breed of sheep. Mr. Bingham, as usual for some years, has brought over a bunch of Shropshires this season from England, selected by himself, a selection from which he had on exhibition at the State Fair last week. These sheep were imported from the following flocks: Two yearling rams from the flock of J. Bowen Jones, President of the Shropshire Association in England; eight yearling rams from the flock of Wm. Nevett, of Yorton, Shropshire, Eng.; four yearling rams of Geo. Blatner, of Shrewsbury; one yearling ram of Wm. Brown, of XI Towns; one ram lamb of Wm. Thomas, of Beam House—this lamb was the winner of a £5 premium in a 54 exhibit contest at the Royal Stourbridge Fair, in June, 1890, three ram lambs of Thomas Davis, of Littleton; four yearling ewes from J. Bowen Jones' flock; fifty yearling ewes from the flock of J. John Jones, of Brompton; twenty yearling ewes of Wm. Nevett, of Yorton; three yearling ewes of Thos. Cartwright, from a pen of five that won a premium at the June Show in a contest of five hundred Shropshires against comers of all other breeds taken together, of which there were seventy-five of all other breeds placed on exhibition. These are the complete list of Mr. Bingham's importations for 1890. Beside these, he has ninety ram lambs, seventy ewe lambs, and fifteen yearling rams, of his own breeding, and ninety imported and Canadian bred ewes. Mr. Bingham has been very successful in his business as an importer of Shropshires, and sheep from his flock have found their way to the best flocks of the West as far as the Pacific Coast. In this sits the flock at the State Agricultural College, and that at James M. Turner's Springfield Farm, have stock imported by Mr. Bingham. He has fitted up Evergreen Place with convenient, comfortable and very commodious buildings. The root cellar is one of the best we have ever seen; its dimensions are 13x45x10 feet in depth; the barn in which his stock is kept is undoubtedly the finest finished sheep barn in the State. In it is 22x60 feet; it is finished in ash with hard oil finish. Another sheep barn is 20x60, and still another 44x10 ft. The other farm buildings are in keeping with those spoken of. Certainly the Shropshire has done well for Mr. Bingham, as it has for hundreds of others in this State, and is therefore entitled to the best of care and pleasant surroundings at his hands.

The Saginaw Courier-Herald gives a description of the farm of Mr. A. T. Biles, of Saginaw, where a meeting of the Saginaw County Farmers' Club was held the past week. As the manager of this farm is a Shawassee County boy, where his father still resides, and is a well known farmer and stock breeder, we give some extracts from the Courier's description. Mr. C. S. Baldwin, the manager, was for some years at the Mount Springs Stock Farm of J. W. Hibbard, and from there went to take charge of the Biles farm. He is a good specimen of the intelligent young Michigan farmer—enterprising, persevering, and wide awake. We are pleased to note his success in managing a farm of the extent and with the amount of stock which that of Mr. Biles carries. The Courier-Herald says:

"This stock farm contains 800 acres, 550 of which are cleared and divided into 40 acre fields. The land is level, very rich in its productive qualities, and is a congenial home for the stock. This season there were threshed a total of 3,000 bushels of grain—114 bushels of wheat and the balance in barley and oats. No better stock can be found in the country than is confined within the fences of this mammoth farm, and no farm in the county is better equipped and adapted for raising stock stock. Here is the home of that celebrated imported Clydesdale stallion, Top Star, 1.75 pounds. On the farm are 75 Shorthorn cattle and 65 horses, all colts, 22 being geldings and 43 mares. At the coming Northeastern Fair, a four-week-old colt and a yearling bull from his farm will be exhibited that will go home decorated with blue ribbons. Among the attractions on this farm, and the pride of Mr. Biles, is a little bay pony that is used in running errands, and more especially in going after and bringing home the large herd of cattle. In this way the pony has a great head; he will bite, strike, and chase the cattle until every one is housed. Four windmills furnish water for domestic use and for the stock. Huge grain barns are filled with grain, and the larger stock barns are built with great care for strength and handedness to the herders. The creamery is packed overhead and on three sides with ice, and is a model of convenience and neatness inside. There are also 100 Poland-China hogs on the farm. A neat cottage is just being enclosed that will be used as a tenant house for the help, and five more to be used for the same purpose, will be completed before snow flies. A young orchard of about 100 trees is in a prosperous condition. C. S. Baldwin is the manager of the farm, and his good wife is manager of the house, both of whom are the right people for the places they so faithfully fill."

In referring to the meeting of the Club, and its proceedings, the paper says:

"The members of the club present requested The Courier-Herald to urge farmers to turn out and make the coming fall of the Northeastern Agricultural Society a success. Every individual farmer should take an active part in the work. Exhibits should be sent in time, and the meeting one of pleasure to all. Come prepared to say and make the meeting one of pleasure and profit to yourself, your family and your neighbors. Visit, exchange views on farming and stock raising, and in doing thus you make a success of the event."

We can endorse what the Courier-Herald says regarding the Northeastern Fair. It is doing a good work for that section, and should have the support of the farming community as well as the business men of the Valley. Fair cannot be surpassed as educators, not only of the farmers, but also of the inhabitants of towns and villages. They spread information imperceptibly, and a man must be dull indeed who can attend one and not gather new ideas and acquire a variety of useful information."

A number of our State exchanges report a greater area being sowed to wheat this fall, and that the seed is being put in earlier than usual.

dances of her nature smooth off the roughness which is acquired by contact with a fallen and depraved race of mankind. The Creator never intended woman should take a back seat, but that she should be a helpmate, standing side by side through the journey of life. And now I would ask what was the great and persuasive argument that led our first mother to disobey her Creator? It was that she would gain wisdom and become like God, knowing good and evil. She gained the knowledge, but at what a cost! It cost all the suffering and sorrow that has been experienced as the result of the gratification of a selfish and depraved nature of mankind from that time down to the present. Now as we look over the world and see the vast amount of suffering, more especially in our large cities where multitudes are born and bred in sin and degradation, and as the multitudes increase they seem to sink deeper and deeper in the mire of pollution. While I view their condition my heart thrills with a ray of hope as I read week after week of what God is doing for this class of people in raising up gifted and talented women who are willing to sacrifice the ease of luxurious homes and society of loving friends to lift up the fallen and alleviate the sufferings that have come upon the race. As we look out over the world we see a great army of these angels of mercy who are going out in the highways and hedges and compelling them to come in that the house may be filled.

Who does not blush to think of the corruption with which the capital of our great nation is reeking today! And now I would ask you fathers, husbands and brothers, can you get along better without our help? Or would it be an advantage to give us the ballot and let us help in this great work of putting down evil and establishing a righteous government.

I can not bring out anything more forcibly than to give you a few extracts from a speech made by Sojourner Truth before a convention in Boston some years ago, when the subject of women's rights first began to agitate: "If the first woman that God ever made had power to turn the whole world upside down all herself alone, can all these women together turn it back and set it right side up again? And now they wants to and the men better let 'em."

Mr. J. D. Crispell—I think there are very few people who will not admit that women are fully man's equal in intelligence, and more than his equal in morality and sobriety. She is a citizen, and as such is taxed without being represented. Is taxation without representation more just for women than for men? Isn't it an advantage for a nation to be just? The law denying this right of suffrage to woman is a relic of the old English feudal law. Is it reasonable that a republican government, created by the people, for the people, should cling to this old feudal law? Suffrage is a God-given right, and all adult citizens, subject to the burdens and penalties of citizenship, have a God-given right to exercise it.

Mr. A. W. Dunn—I think women's wanting to vote the result of education. In olden times women were not expected to be educated with men. Only a few years ago how much obliquity was heaped upon a woman who was in the Medical College at Ann Arbor! I claim when women do vote the country will be better. Women want equal rights with men, not special.

President Shafer asked why woman would receive less protection because she had the right to vote. I think in a moral issue she should vote right every time. They are not wedded to these old parties.

Mrs. D. Speer—if men want to protect women why do they license gilded saloons in our nation and all these little hells beside?

Mrs. Dunn—if the men give us the ballot we will protect ourselves.

Mrs. W. E. Kennedy—I will stand up all my life if they will let me protect my boy. We can use our influence while they are with us, but when they leave our homes we can't influence them so much. I think the good men would vote with the good women.

Mrs. Reed—Do the ladies think they are more capable of choosing a temperance candidate? What woman would wish to be a sheriff? Do you think they will ever be sheriff?

Mrs. Crispell thinks the men are so greedy for office women would not have a chance to be sheriff if they wished.

The subjects for discussion at the next meeting will be "Woman's Work," and "The Competitions and Combinations of our Country."

Adjourned to meet at the home of Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Dunn on the first Saturday in October. Mrs. J. D. CRISPELL, Club Reporter.

Almighty to be man's equal, or He would not have taken a rib from man to make woman.

Mrs. Wetherby—When something is taken from one and given to another, that one is ahead. We don't propose to pull hair. We propose to be ladies wherever we are. Woman was given this place by the Creator. She exerts her influence to the best of her knowledge. We are sowing seed to-day; as we sow we shall reap. Man can legislate to suit himself, and we are expected to obey those laws. Why are girls expected to obey the laws two years younger than men? The fruit is ripening; by and by the harvest will come when the ballot is in the hands of woman.

Mrs. Wm. Hutchins—I think nothing would be gained by women's voting. Can't see where women are wronged. When men think it will be an advantage they will give them the ballot. Women are doing enough in rearing their sons. Can't see where it would be better; it would only make more votes.

J. D. Crispell—This is quite an important point. The votes would be about as equally divided as now. I think their influence at home on the men more than all they do at the polls.

Mrs. Hill—if any one doubts woman's executive ability, they should have been at the W. C. T. U. State Convention at Jackson.

Mrs. Hutchins—Don't lay to the wrong to legislation. If a man abuses his wife is it the fault of law? Let all shun the man who abides by it; she took him for better or worse.

D. Speer—What causes these saloons but legislation? You can license any one to sell by legislation.

R. D. Edwards—I have not seen very bad things at the polls. The legislature has passed a law that no saloon shall be opened there. You will not find a place in the United States that is more pure. The ladies are now bound to be protected. If they go into a car they are given a seat.

The moment you become voters your protection is gone. If you have the same voice you must stand the same chance. There are many places you could not stand would not fit. I am willing women should vote, but if you do you must be prepared to fill all these places. It is a question whether you could do more good with your influence with suffrage than without. Now your influence is your strong and high mission. If you vote we look upon that as your highest mission.

A. W. Dunn—I think women's wanting to vote the result of education. In olden times women were not expected to be educated with men. Only a few years ago how much obliquity was heaped upon a woman who was in the Medical College at Ann Arbor! I claim when women do vote the country will be better. Women want equal rights with men, not special.

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Washtenaw County Fair.

The coming fair to be held at Ann Arbor Sept. 30th to Oct. 3rd, promises to be one of the finest ever held at Ann Arbor. Some of the finest stock rams will be on exhibition. First class judges are secured, and everything possible to please exhibitors and visitors will be done. With a great additional expense, the Society has secured the exhibit of the great Southern Bureau of Industry from North Carolina, which alone covers 1,000 square feet. With new grounds, new buildings, and electric railways running to the grounds, the society expects to accommodate and please all that come. One fare for the round trip to Ann Arbor each day of the fair on the T. A. & N. M. Ry.

The potato crop in Ireland has suffered severely from blight that it is the worst for many years. In fact so bad is it that a famine is feared, as many of the inhabitants rely upon this crop very largely for subsistence. It is believed that the British government will have to extend very liberal aid in many localities to prevent starvation among the peasantry.

Agricultural.

AMERICAN MERINOS IN AUSTRALIA.

The American Wool Reporter publishes some interesting news regarding the position taken by the progeny of the American Merino rams which have been exported to Australia and crossed upon some of the flocks of that country. At the exhibitions this season these sheep have been very successful in the show ring. The parties showing them were Messrs. Samuel McGehee, whom our readers will remember purchased a number of sheep in this State a few years ago; Thomas Brown & Co., and the McFarlane Brothers, who also have a number of Michigan and New York bred sheep. Some of the Tasmanian owners of stud flocks have also introduced American blood into their sheep, and showed excellent specimens of those milled bloods.

As showing the estimation in which the American Merino is held by Australian flock-masters, the prices paid for those exported by Messrs. E. N. Bissell & Son, R. D. Clark and E. D. Morris on may be instanced. Messrs. Bissell & Son's 23 rams sold at an average of £74 a pound sterling being worth \$4.85 in New York, the highest price paid being 150 guineas. (A guinea is worth \$5.09 in New York.) Only one ewe was sold out of 22 head and she fetched 40 guineas.

Mr. R. D. Clark's shipment of nine rams averaged 90 pounds a head, highest price paid 130 guineas. Two ewes sold at an average of £95.

Mr. E. D. Morrison's lot sold as follows: 52 rams averaged £90 each, highest price 260 guineas; 35 ewes averaged £61 each. The sensation of the sales was, however, one of McFarlane's rams, Australian-American, at 65 guineas; six McFarlane rams averaged £276; six ewes, £46 each. A pure Tasmanian ram fetched the top price, 700 guineas, the highest price ever paid in Sydney sheep sales.

A ram from an American Merino ram and a Tasmanian ewe brought 310 guineas. It went to one of the chief sheep stations in New South Wales. The McFarlane 650 guineas went to the runs of the Australian Agricultural Company.

Messrs. Morrison and Clark were unfortunate enough to lose about eighty head of their shipment during a severe storm on the Bay of Biscay.

It will be remembered that during the excitement that prevailed early in the 'eighties, when Mr. Winter and the McFarlanes were purchasing American Merinos, the former paid \$4,000 for the ram New York. The ram sold by the McFarlane Brothers for 650 guineas comes nearly up to that price (about \$5,310).

We ask those of our readers who have been convinced by the recent dullness that the day of the American Merino was over, to ponder over the figures paid in these sales.

MICHIGAN AHEAD.

Ohio Michigan
Horses 514 508
Cattle 558 553
Sheep 3

Sapt. 20, 1890.

The Horse.

BREEDING CARRIAGE HORSES.

M. A. O. Fox, of Wisconsin, read an interesting paper on this subject, from which we take a few extracts. The methods suggested by Mr. Fox are worthy of attention, as there is no doubt the breeding of a class of horses suited for the carriage offers the greatest remuneration for the breeder, and in a direction where there is the least competition. Here are a few of Mr. Fox's ideas.

HOW TO PRODUCE COACHERS.

With our close proximity to the largest and the best city markets and the facilities which we enjoy, we can breed and place upon the market this class of horses in such form and condition as to be beyond the reach of the western competition. How to produce them is the problem. We have had offered to us as sires, the American standard trotter, the imported French Coacher, the Cleveland Bay and the English Coach. These are all valuable to us, but must be used with great care and judgment. I am disposed to believe that the produce of the Cleveland and English Coach will not be generally satisfactory except when out of dams strongly trotting bred, as the get will lack the speed required by the average American, and they will lack uniformity and will also be inclined to coarseness and soft feet. This is especially true of the English Coach.

THE CLEVELAND BAY.

As he is offered to us by the various importers, is certainly not highly enough bred and is lacking in quality. I have seen them with very heavy bodies, supported by far too light a set of limbs, cut away at the joints, and an indication of coarse hair on the ankles. I have seen a few of the grades and did not like them. I find my limited observation is backed by the experience of two very high authorities. The one is none other than the president of the Cleveland Bay society in England, in the address which is published in the *London Live Stock Journal*. My other authority is Stonebridge, one of the most celebrated English writers upon the horse, who treats of the Cleveland Bay in a chapter headed "Other Mixed Breeds." That the Cleveland possesses a large amount of English Cart blood is abundantly evident from perusal of some of their pedigrees.

THE FRENCH COACHER.

I have seen but a very few grades got by French Coachers, and can scarcely express an opinion. The French Coachers are a product of the Arabian horse and the English thoroughbred and their get ought to be fine styled; but as to their gait, I believe they will not produce sufficient speed, though it is claimed that some of them trot in France. I also believe that the color of the get will not be sufficiently uniform to be satisfactory. I have noticed several imported French Coachers with very bad white markings; a great objection in carriage horses.

THE ENGLISH TROTTER.

While some of the American trotters are under size, yet I believe that up to the present time, they have given us the greatest number of our best carriage horses, and I believe that to the largest and best styled types of the standard American trotter, we must look for our sires. So far as my personal observation has extended, the finest carriage horses I have ever seen were got by sons and grandsons of Mambrino Culef and out of dams of old Indian Chief or his son. Indian Chief was by Blood's Black Hawk, by Hill's Vermont. The dam of Indian Culef was by Ned Ferret, (not Edwin), by Young Hawley, he by imported Grand Baslaw.

Indian Chief's second dam was by Downing's Bay Messenger, the latter breeding through both sire and dam to imported Messenger.

The Kentucky Highlanders have also produced many fine carriage horses.

RESULTS BY CROSSING.

I have seen very excellent results produced by crossing large Mambrino and Hambletonian sires on dams of the now nearly extinct Morgan type, and mares from that branch of the English Coach family which relate to the celebrated Rainbow Rockingham stock. Rainbow Rockingham was a son of North Star, and I believed traced directly thence to a thoroughbred. This English Coach cross has some objectionable features, however, among which is a tendency to feather above the limbs and a little coarseness and the feet non too good.

A HINT TO THE WISE.

It will be noticed that all these families run back not very remote to the thoroughbred, from which fact we may gain a hint for our future benefit; provided always, that we select animals which have been properly toned down by the judicious admixture of the best American trotting blood, and of the largest families. It must be remembered that the thoroughbred is no longer a very small horse. Many of our best thoroughbreds are large enough. I have seen imported animals weighing 1,300 to 1,350 pounds. I think imported London will weigh over 1,200 pounds. But we do not need to go so far for what we require, since the very blood and characteristics we desire are embodied in some of our best American trotting families. We may, therefore, select such standard trotting breeds as approach nearest to our ideal of the carriage horse, and which have shown their ability to impart to their offspring the required characteristic of size, style, color and soundness.

Don't Put a Horse on the Track.

The following from the eastern correspondent of the Chicago *Horseman* shows how little chance the owner of a horse has to make any money on him on the track unless he "stands in" with the gang:

Saturday last a group of would-be turf reformers sat on the club-house veranda at Flushing, and one of them said: "The car got at me, and I told him I was blanked for not enforcing the rules as to helping. It got to this pass, in many a race where two horses out of the field are closely matched, a handy one or more of the fielders, not fast enough to win, can be induced by promise of division or special sum to help one of the star performers and hinder the other, so that the star performer is not helped. The driver of the winner of course does not complain and says that he had nothing to do with Mr. Skipjack pulling in the way of Mr. Steadypower, while Skipjack himself, with a deprecating, could-not-help-it air, will try to

make Steadypower believe he is not 'in' with the other side in pools or purse."

"That is the chief reason why I quit the trot," spoke up Pete Weber, who has of late years succeeded well in training Vengeance, by Sensation, and other peculiar thoroughbreds. Pete says that the Sensations are just beginning to be appreciated. They are the poor man's horse, for if trained carefully and not worked to death they will keep running well up to their form, race after race. As to the trotters he said,

"If you don't divvy the other fellows will play against you and carry a load on the track, unless you hold your horse in a heavy bridle. That does them a dose of their own medicine by putting them into the fence, but a man with a valuable horse cannot afford to do that. I had to laugh at the story told by a running horse man who was flushed, and thought he would try his luck on the trotting turf. He said."

"I put myself in the hands of a friend who knew all about it, so he bought me a trotter. 'Now,' he said, 'we need a mechanic, so he introduced me to a slick-looking, smooth-talking chap, a trainer. Next I had to pay for it, a good man who knew it all along too. That trainer told me we must have a Caffrey sulky and a Conferder harness, costing about \$325; next an outfit of boots and clothing, about \$100 more. The groom put in by saying I ought to hire a boy to wash the rub-rags and keep the bedding clean, while he took the best of care of the horse. I told I thought until we won something I could do that myself and save the boy's \$3."

"Well we went to the races, and did not get a place in the first race. The trainer gave me what they call 'the conservation,' and said: 'He's coming; we will make a killing before the circuit is over.' Next week we saved the expense, because was the expense of taking around horses, trainer and groom, with your hand in your pocket at every turn—a heel or two on the day of race, \$5 to carry your horse's trunk, foot-and-muffle to the track, ten per cent entrance, full rate of board for horse and more than full rate for man—all these expenses running on. 'But we will get them back at the next town,' said the trainer. The killing day came; there was a lot of whispering and whittling around the stable and in secret corners, between the trainer and the other fellow who went to the other horses against mine. It turned out that my horse won the race, and when I wanted to know the money the trainer had been there before me. At last, when he figured up the pools and purse, he told me that there was a 'whack-up' between four of them, and that other fellows had given it away which horse was to be played for the winner, that outsiders 'got on to' it and spoiled the betting, and that our share of the 'divvy' was \$250, being just half of first money and barely enough to pay what I had advanced. I shipped the horse and retired him to private life, and when any training-meet man comes around and tells me that he knows of a green one that can be bought right and will win himself out, I say: 'Yes, for the gang, but not for me!'"

The moral of this story is if you get a good colt, sell him for the best price you can get, and let some one else "develop" him. You will have more money and less trouble than if you start in to do it yourself.

Feeding Hay to Horses.

The attempt to make hay the chief ration of horses imposes a severe tax upon them, and the result is seen in their distended stomachs and the spiritless and clumsy horses of many farmers. All intelligent students of the horse give little hay and feed grain more liberally than to the runaways, for the double reason that the runaway will make poorer use of the hay than the steer or sheep will, and will be less easy of motion. Good horse feeders give but ten or twelve pounds of hay a day and feed once or twice daily. A colt is kept for his muscle; hence a fattening diet is out of place until matured and set to work. For the horse, bran mixed with corn meal will serve to assist digestion, while, incidentally, it will make more valuable manure. The Suffolk Punch is one of the oldest breeds of horses in Great Britain, and will breed as true as thoroughbreds. Mr. Gray was accompanied on his return trip by Mr. Fred. Smith, son of well-known breeder of Suffolk-Punch horses, Alfred J. Smith, Rendlesham, Suffolk.

There has been a dispute for some time as to the name of the party who owns Roy Wilkes, the fast pacer. The following card in the *Breeder's Gazette* from L. A. Davis, who has charge of him, would seem to put that question at rest:

"I have just seen your editorial of Aug. 27, in which you state that I paid a fine of \$1,000 in order to have Roy Wilkes started at Washington Park. This is not true. Mr. Crissham, thus his representative, paid \$1,000 on his bill of sale, and the bill of sale is representative also paid under protest \$100 for change of name from Roy to Roy Wilkes, \$60 being paid for change of name, \$100 being a fine for performing under the new name."

"The bill of sale was signed and sealed for two or three races as a colt. At Cedar Rapids, in 1887, his name was changed to Roy Wilkes, by Mr. Hayden, his owner. Fifty dollars was paid the National Association for the Protection of Animals, and the bill of sale is representative also paid under protest \$100 for change of name from Roy to Roy Wilkes, \$60 being paid for change of name, \$100 being a fine for performing under the new name."

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"The injustice done me at Lexington last fall will, in due time, be acted upon in the proper manner."

All the same it is very doubtful if Roy Wilkes is ever allowed to start on a National Association track. There has been too much "management" on the part of his owners.

of Pontiac. Adelaide was by Phil Sheridan, and was a fast and game mare when on the track.

Has there been a four-mile race this season? If so, did Salvator or Tonny take part in it?

READER.
We have heard of two four-mile races this season. The first one was at Clifton, N. J., April 14th. Three started, namely, Miss Cody, Bela and Vigilant. Miss Cody won in 7:27½, carrying 108 pounds, Vigilant second. The next one was at Brighton Beach on August 27th, when seven started. Bonanza won in 7:49½, over a heavy track, with Native Glenie second and Dundee third. We don't know either Salvator or Tonny has run over a mile and a half in any of the races in which they have taken part. Salvator ought to be good for the distance, but we doubt if Tonny is. A mile and a quarter seems to fit him best.

As to the trotters he said.
"If you don't divvy the other fellows will play against you and carry a load on the track, unless you hold your horse in a heavy bridle. That does them a dose of their own medicine by putting them into the fence, but a man with a valuable horse cannot afford to do that. I had to laugh at the story told by a running horse man who was flushed, and thought he would try his luck on the trotting turf. He said."

"I put myself in the hands of a friend who

knew all about it, so he bought me a

trotter. Now, we need a mechanic, so he introduced me to a slick-looking, smooth-talking chap, a trainer. Next I had to pay for it, a good man who knew it all along too. That trainer told me we must have a Caffrey sulky and a Conferder harness, costing about \$325; next an outfit of boots and clothing, about \$100 more. The groom put in by saying I ought to hire a boy to wash the rub-rags and keep the bedding clean, while he took the best of care of the horse. I told I thought until we won something I could do that myself and save the boy's \$3."

"Well we went to the races, and did not

get a place in the first race. The trainer

gave me what they call 'the conservation,'

and said: 'He's coming; we will make a

killing before the circuit is over.'

Next week we saved the expense, because

of taking around horses, trainer and

groom, with your hand in your pocket at

every turn—a heel or two on the day of

race, \$5 to carry your horse's trunk, foot-

and-muffle to the track, ten per cent en-

trance, full rate of board for horse and

more than full rate for man—all these ex-

penses running on. 'But we will get them

back at the next town,' said the trainer.

The killing day came; there was a lot of

whispering and whittling around the stable

and in secret corners, between the trainer

and the other fellow who went to the other

horses against mine. It turned out that my

horse won the race, and when I wanted to

know the money the trainer had been there

before me. At last, when he figured up the

pools and purse, he told me that there was

a 'whack-up' between four of them, and that

other fellows had given it away which horse

was to be played for the winner, that outsid-

ers 'got on to' it and spoiled the betting,

and that our share of the 'divvy' was \$250,

being just half of first money and barely

enough to pay what I had advanced. I ship-

ped the horse and retired him to private life,

and when any training-meet man comes

around and tells me that he knows of a

green one that can be bought right and will

win himself out, I say: 'Yes, for the gang,

but not for me!'"

The moral of this story is if you get a good

colt, sell him for the best price you can get,

and let some one else "develop" him. You

will have more money and less trouble than

if you start in to do it yourself.

It is the nature of plants to grow continu-

ously until matured. Checked in this

process they receive permanent injury.

It is thought by some that growth may be

interrupted for days or weeks by drouth,

and when favorable conditions of weather

occur plants will proceed to full maturity,

as though nothing unusual had happened, but

this is not so. Growth in bulk may cease

for a time, but progress toward maturity

advances every moment, no matter what the

conditions, unless killed outright. Once

checked by adverse conditions a plant never

completely recovers to make full growth.

Illustrative experiments were made this

autumn season with early cabbages. Some

were kept irrigated thoroughly all through

the drought, some after its continuance two

weeks, and others not at all, with the result

that all are equally mature, the constantly

watered are three times the size of the partly

watered, and the latter twice the size of those

not watered at all.

I believe this lesson to be of equal value

in the realm of animal life. Live stock

should be so fed and handled that growth

will be continuous. A check is permanent

injury, and cannot be fully compensated for.

Others think young animals can be kept

alone in a stallish manner, and subsequent

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Horticultural.**PEACH BORER AND CARPENTER BEE.**

GRASS LAKE, Sept. 12, 1890.

DEAR SIR.—The Farmers' Club of this town met yesterday, and information concerning certain insects being desired the secretary was instructed to apply to you for it. We wish to know the best remedy for the peach tree borer, and also for a worm that is honey-combing some houses. One house so infested has a tolerably good coat of paint upon it though it has not been painted for two or three years. If you will kindly inform us of some remedy for these pests, and publish same in the *MICHIGAN FARMER*, we will be very grateful.

MISS H. S. IRWIN, Sec.

ANSWER BY PROF. A. J. COOK.

I cheerfully comply with Miss H. S. Irwin's request. The mature insect of the peach borer is a beautiful blue wasp-like moth. This moth comes forth from the pupa state, or chrysalis, at the base of the peach trees in Michigan, from early in July till in September. I presume the soil is responsible for this exceedingly variation. In a warm sandy soil they mature early, and the moth come forth in July; while in a damp cold clay soil the moths will not appear till early in August. Thus the eggs are being laid about the trunks, close to the earth, all through the months of July and August. These eggs hatch in a few days, and the borer—a white sixteen-legged caterpillar—commences at once to feed on the bark and outer sap wood of the peach tree just beneath the earth. Often they girdle the tree and of course kill it. These larva or caterpillars continue to feed till the next June, their pupate, and soon the moths come forth again.

There are several ways to destroy these destroyers. I think the best, as it is the surest, is to dig the posts out and crush them. This ought to be done in September, as by that time some of the borers are so large that they will do signal harm unless killed. But others will be so small as to escape attention. And so the work ought to be repeated in the following May.

This is not so hard as would seem, as the worm bleeds and the gum makes a waxy mass of earth and gum which quickly tells if the pest is present. I think this method has always given satisfaction when thoroughly used, and in many sections it has been so well and generally practiced that the borers have been practically extirpated. Some have claimed that pouring boiling hot water about the trees, first digging away the earth, has proved a success. Others have mounded about the trees with earth or ashes in July and August. In September the mounds have been leveled, and the theory is that the borers left high up above the earth soon die of exposure. Digging away the earth and pouring in the kerosene emulsion has also been recommended. No doubt all these remedies have their merits; but the digging-out process is probably about as cheap as any other, and surely the most certain of success.

No doubt the insects that are boring into the houses about Grass Lake are carpenter bees, probably *Xylocopa Virginica*. These bees are large and much resemble bumble bees, except that they bore into boards, etc., to form the cells in which they feed and rear their young. The only harm they do is to mutilate buildings. I have heard of their boring into cornices, window cases, etc., in many parts of the State. I have always recommended that an ointment made of lard or tallow and kerosene be pushed into the holes, and I have never known it to fail of driving the pests away. This should be applied at nightfall, then there will be no danger of being stung. Kerosene is very obnoxious to insects and so drives the mature bees away, while it kills the young bees that are being fed and reared in the tunnels. I am sure if this is tried all will be satisfied with its efficacy.

LENAWE COUNTY HORTICULTURALISTS.

The September meeting of the Lenawee County Horticultural Society was held at J. M. Blanchard's on the 10th. The ladies discussed pickles, and the men took up the topics in the question box:

Q.—Should runners be cut from grapes during growing season?

H. C. Bradish.—Yes and no. With a slow growing vine, as Delaware, do not cut back, but rub off some of the buds while starting. The end of rampant growing vines, as Clinton, Awatam, etc., may be pinched off when several feet long. Big grapes early to protect from rot, cracking or birds.

Q.—How far apart should grape vines be planted?

Mrs. Bradish.—Where land is cheap place the rows eight feet apart by twelve feet in the row.

Q.—Is the Clinton profitable?

It is said to be the best grape raised for jelly. That is about all that it is good for.

Q.—Is white heliope sure death to the entomologist?

Mrs. Hood.—Yes.

Mrs. Sheldell—I applied with water; results were not satisfactory.

Mrs. Gibbs—Put it on dry with a five cent blow.

E. P. Allis—Or with a tin pepper box while the dew is on.

Q.—Is there any advantage in mulching raspberries, grapes and currants with straw?

Secretary Gibbs—There is.

Q.—What about spraying?

E. C. Smith—Last year, from two orchards, the one sprayed gave one-third seconds, the one not sprayed gave two-thirds seconds.

Q.—Can the quince be raised from cuttings? When should they be cut?

E. W. Allis—Yes. Cut either in fall or spring. In fall lay them on the grass and cover with leaves, and throw on boards to keep the chickens from scratching the leaves off. If not winter killed the young shoots may be cut in the spring.

Q.—When is the season for rooting cuttings?

Mr. H. C. Bradish—Whether cut in fall or spring, set in spring. Roots may be hastened by tying in bundles and setting bottom upward, and covering entirely with dirt for a few weeks before time to put out, then avoid them, is objected to, and would still leave roots in advance of the buds.

Q.—How many grapes be used?

Mrs. E. C. Smith—By making green grape jelly, spiced grapes and grape butter.

Mrs. C. H. Bradish—Canned grape juice makes a fine summer drink.

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enough of the winter apples for their increase, among which Talman's Sweet, Wagener, Esopus Spitzenburg and Northern Spy are mentioned.

The insects have sharp ovipositors, and penetrate the tough skin of the fruit, placing the eggs beyond the reach of any sprayed insecticide. Prof. Harvey remarks that "there is no easy way to check tryptas," and that it will have to be done by a direct, squarely fought battle. He places the chief reliance on destroying the windfalls. The larvae do not leave the apples till they drop, and if these are daily gathered and fed to animals, or still better if sheep run in the orchard, they promptly gather the windfalls as soon as they drop. This method is strongly recommended by other entomologists. Prof. Harvey also suggests that the making of cider from maggoty apples might be profitable, and would afford those who drink both meat and drink at the same time."

We also suggest the importance of giving a hard and smooth surface to the ground under the trees, as the insects appear to have little power to penetrate a hard crust. A loose sandy soil favors their transformation; a clayey soil has a retarding effect. The growth of grass in the orchard, making a tough sod, increases the difficulty of their penetrating the soil, and when the grass becomes dry it may be burned with them. As they enter the earth only an inch, some systematic mode of turning them under half a foot or more may be the means of placing them where they will stay.

How to get Big Berry Crops.

Mr. L. B. Pierce, writing in *Vick's Magazine*, gives some excellent hints for success in the culture of raspberries and currants, from which we take the following points:

For black cap raspberries or currants there is little danger of getting the ground too rich. A study of the natural haunts of the raspberry, growing by decayed stumps and logs, and in rich fence rows, should convince any one what the needs of this fruit are. Raspberries seem to take considerable from the ground, and, unlike blackberries, leave it after a few years very much impoverished. The difference in the first crop of raspberries between rich and poor soil is wonderful. A neighbor last year gathered two and one-half bushels of Gregg raspberries from three rows twenty-four feet long. The canes arch seven feet from the ground, and are wonderful to see. The ground is a rich garden, and was top-dressed with fine manure.

An acquaintance planted one thousand Gregg raspberries on a barn lot of very rich soil, and gathered fourteen months later, thirty bushels of fruit. Encouraged thereby, he planted five acres on ordinary or rather thin soil, and has not gathered an average crop in three seasons. A city florist and tree jobber planted four Doolittle raspberry plants where a compost heap had lain. The growth was extraordinary; they were twice pinched back and one of the plants produced sixty-one canes that reached the ground and took root.

W. M. Falconer, of Long Island, is a believer in August planting of strawberries, such plantings giving the finest berries and the two-year-old plants the heaviest crops.

There are some apples in Ingham County, it seems. The Mason Democrat says a bushel thirteen inches long, taken from the orchard of Delos Wolcott, contained forty-two apples.

THE NATIONAL HORTICULTURAL CONVENTION, called to arrange for a fitting horticultural exhibit at the Columbian Exposition at Chicago in 1893, recommended Hon. Parker Earle, now of Benton Harbor, formerly "strawberry king" of Cobden, Ill., as commissioner of horticulture.

ONION seed may be sown this fall, late, on well-prepared ground, to start and begin profit-making with the late winter sunshines, and long before severe frosts are over or weeds awake to business. Select a piece of warm, light soil, protected by woods, walls or fences, plow it over with a covering of three or four inches of horse manure. After turning each furrow stand in it a row of scallion onions, not more than one inch apart; they should reach the ground and took root as a result.

In fitting the ground, it is best to begin early, first plowing deeply, then pulverizing finely, and finally floating down flat with a plow finisher or boat. When the earliest farmers plow for oats then fit the ground, even if it is a month or six weeks before planting. Weeds will start, but a sweep of the trowel removes them where the plant is to be placed, and cultivation between the rows can commence at once, destroying the weeds and aerating the soil.

The poorest part of a fruit farm may be planted in blackberries, with a dead certainty that the land will improve in quality, and that the berries will be less subject to winter-killing. If desirable the ground can be top-dressed at any time afterward, by leaving the manure in piles in the cross-paths and distributing with a hand-cart or wheelbarrow. The blackberry not only sends its roots all through the soil, but has large and abundant leaves which hang on until early winter snows beat them to the ground, even if it is a month or six weeks before planting. Weeds will start, but a sweep of the trowel removes them where the plant is to be placed, and cultivation between the rows can commence at once, destroying the weeds and aerating the soil.

The failure of the apple crop is a calamity which affects many lines of business. Not only must fruit-growers stand a heavy loss, but canning and evaporating establishments will stand idle, and thousands of men, women and children will miss the employment which these institutions would have given them. There will be no call for fruit barrels and many other fruit packages, and the men who make them will have no trade. In short there will be a stagnancy in the fruit trade such as has not been experienced in a long time, if ever. The export business, also, must of course cease.

THE COUNTRY GENTLEMAN says: "There are some advantages in training currant bushes to a single stem at the ground. They are more easily cultivated and kept clean, and they have a neater appearance. Such bushes are easily raised by rubbing off all the buds from the lower part of the cutting when it is planted, or all which will be below the surface of the earth. But a good crop of fine fruit may be had from bushes which have several stems, provided they are pruned, kept sufficiently clear of old wood, and are well manured and cultivated and kept clean.

THERE is a failure of the apple crop in Connecticut, which is a calamity which affects many lines of business. Not only must fruit-growers stand a heavy loss, but canning and evaporating establishments will stand idle, and thousands who go around with birds looking for the 'fretful porcupine' should hurry to the nearest drug store and purchase a bottle of the Vigor say it will stimulate the roots and color glands of faded, gray, light, and red hair.

"We have no hesitation in pronouncing Ayer's Hair Vigor unequalled for dressing the hair, and we do this after long experience in its use. This preparation preserves the hair, cures dandruff and all diseases of the scalp, makes roots brittle and soft, and prevents baldness. When it is mixed with oil, those who have used the Vigor say it will stimulate the roots and color glands of faded, gray, light, and red hair.

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WHEN THE HAIR IS SHORN.

Shows signs of falling, begin at once the use of Ayer's Hair Vigor. This preparation strengthens the scalp, promotes the growth of new hair, restores the natural color to gray, white, and hair, and renders it soft, pliant, and glossy.

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Nos. 40 and 42 West Larned St.

DETROIT, MICH.



DETROIT, SATURDAY, SEPT. 23, 1890.

This paper is Entered at the Detroit Post Office as second class matter.

WHEAT.

The receipts of wheat in this market the past week amounted to \$5,956 bu., against \$3,428 bu. the previous week, and 157,250 bu. for corresponding week in 1889. Shipments of wheat from India for the week ending Sept. 6, 1890, as per special cable to the New York Produce Exchange, aggregated 530,000 bu., of which 440,000 bu. were for the United Kingdom and 83,000 bu. for the Continent. The shipments for the previous week, as cabled, amounted to 500,000 bu., of which 420,000 bu. went to the United Kingdom, and 80,000 bu. to the Continent. The shipments from that country from April 1, the beginning of the crop year, to Aug. 6, aggregate 12,880,000 bu., of which 9,260,000 bu. went to the United Kingdom, and 3,620,000 bu. to the Continent. For the corresponding period in 1889 the shipments were 12,340,000 bu. The wheat on passage from India, Aug. 26 was 3,872,000 bu. One year ago the quantity was 3,168,000 bu.

The Liverpool market on Friday was quoted quiet, with light demand. Quotations for American wheat were as follows: No. 2 red winter, 7s. 2d. per cental. No. 2 spring, 7s. 4d.; California Club, 7s. 4d. per cental, all grades showing a decline of 1d. during the week.

CORN AND OATS.

CORN.

The receipts of corn in this market the past week were 11,678 bu. against 11,837 bu. the previous week, and 1,944 bu. for the corresponding week in 1889. Shipments for the week were 4,183 bu. against 13,276 bu. for the previous week, and 9,983 bu. for the corresponding week in 1889. The visible supply of corn in the country on Sept. 13 amounted to 8,150,539 bu., against 8,351,146 bu. the previous week, and 12,891,950 bu. at the same date in 1889. The visible supply shows a decrease during the week indicated of 120,407 bu. The stocks now held in this city amount to 5,363 bu. against 4,852 bu. last week, and 9,574 bu. at the corresponding date in 1889. Corn has held steady in this market the past week, and values are close to the range last reported. The latest reports from this State show a loss of condition in the southwest from previous estimates, unchanged in the southern tier of eastern counties, and an improvement in the middle northern counties, or along the line of the D. & M. R. R. north, when the corn was not so badly hurt by the drought, and was in condition to be helped by the late August and early September rains. Still the crop as a whole must be a very light one. Quotations here are 51c per bu. for No. 2, 50c for No. 3, 53½c for No. 2 yellow, and 53c for No. 3 yellow. In futures No. 2 sold at 47½c for December, and 50c was asked for May. The Chicago market yesterday lost 3c, and is lower than a week ago all around. The range was as follows: No. 2, 47½c; No. 2 yellow, 45½c; No. 3 47½c; No. 3 yellow, 43½c. In futures No. 2 for September closed at 47½c, and for May at 50c per bu.

The Liverpool market yesterday was quoted steady with light demand. Quotations were as follows: Spot, 4s. 5d.; September, 4s. 5½; October, 4s. 6½; November, 4s. 7d.

OATS.

The receipts at this point for the week were 44,414 bu., against 40,079 bu. the previous week, and 47,476 bu. for the corresponding week last year. The shipments for the corresponding date last year, the range of prices was from 8½c@9½c for factory, and 8½c@9½c for dairy. Demand was active.

The Liverpool market yesterday was quoted quiet, with light demand; quotations were 44c. per lb. for finest colored and white new American, the same figures quoted a week ago.

Mr. GEO. H. WALLACE, late Secretary of the National Association of Wool-Growers, and now Consul General at Melbourne, Australia, is to be made useful to American wool-growers. He was assigned to his position with the expectation that he would study the wool industries, and some interesting reports on the Australian sheep will probably appear in his future Consular reports. Secretary Ruskin has sent to the Consulate a letter asking that Mr. Wallace be allowed to investigate this subject. Mr. Wallace is asked to describe the manner of sheep farming in Australia, with the habits of the animals, the manner of breeding, the yield of wool, and the manner of putting it upon the market.

The 320 acre farm offered for sale by J. Connell & Co., in our advertising columns, is certainly the chance of a life time to any one who wants a farm. The improvements on the farm are nearly all that is asked for it. Where could \$6,000 be invested where it would draw better interest? The time is near at hand, if not already upon us, when the farm lands of this State will be in active demand at enhanced values. The whole tendency at present is toward higher prices of farm products and consequently better remuneration for the man who raises them. To the young man who knows something about farming we can truly say that it offers better opportunities for success with small capital than any other line of trade or business.

SECRETARY RUSK says that the Department of Agriculture has entirely stamped out pleuro-pneumonia from this country, with the possible exception of two counties on Long Island, N. Y. "While we have every reason to believe it has been suppressed there, yet we cannot officially declare that fact quite yet. A sufficient time has not elapsed since the discovery of the last case to warrant such a statement. I believe, however, that we have practically conquered the pest at last."

DAIRY PRODUCTS.

BUTTER.

Under largely increased receipts the market is not so active or firm as a week ago, and there is a tendency to shade prices on off flavored goods. But choice butter, either creamery or dairy, is selling as high as a week ago. The fine pastures, the best in year at this season, are increasing the output of butter materially, and it is not to be wondered at that there is some weakness apparent. Dairy of the best quality, sells at 18c; fair to good at 16@17c; creamery is held steady at 16@18c; to quality. There is a good deal of summer-made butter in market, which is in poor condition. Such stock is very difficult of sale. At Chicago yesterday there was possibly a little more inquiry, but it was difficult to move lines except at weak prices. While small lots of choice ruled steady, medium grades were in large supply and slow at inside figures. Quotations there yesterday were as follows: Fancy separator goods, 21½@22c; fine, 19@21½c; good to choice, 16@18c; fine dairies, 17@19½c; medium to fair at 17@18c; packing stock, fresh, 7½@8½c; old, 4½@6c. The New York market is lower owing to excessive supplies. For a week butter has poured in from all quarters, but has apparently slackened up somewhat the past few days. Holders are inclined to shade prices whenever an opportunity offers to effect a large sale, and prices are therefore somewhat uncertain. Western goods in large supply and weak. No Egin is offering. Quotations in that market yesterday were as follows:

EASTERN STOCK.

Creamery, State pails, extra... 22 62½%
Creamery, State and Penn., extra... 22 62½%
Creamery, State and Penn., seconds... 20 62½%
Bushels, 17½@18½c
On passage for United Kingdom, 45½@49½c
On passage for continent of Europe, 45½@49½c
Total bushels Aug. 30, 1890... 45,194,714
Total bushels Aug. 30, 1889... 41,452,744
Total two weeks ago... 40,555,790
Total Aug. 31, 1889... 38,083,718

The estimated receipts of foreign and home-grown wheat in the English markets during the week ending Sept. 6 were \$16,340, bu. more than the estimated consumption; and for the eight weeks ending Aug. 23, the exports are estimated to have been 2,908,640 bu. less than the consumption. The receipts show a decrease for those eight weeks of 1,484,520 bu. as

compared with the corresponding eight weeks in 1889.

Shipments of wheat from India for the week ending Sept. 6, 1890, as per special cable to the New York Produce Exchange, aggregated 530,000 bu., of which 440,000 bu. were for the United Kingdom and 83,000 bu. for the Continent. The shipments for the previous week, as cabled, amounted to 500,000 bu., of which 420,000 bu. went to the United Kingdom, and 80,000 bu. to the Continent. The shipments from that country from April 1, the beginning of the crop year, to Aug. 6, aggregate 12,880,000 bu., of which 9,260,000 bu. went to the United Kingdom, and 3,620,000 bu. to the Continent. For the corresponding period in 1889 the shipments were 12,340,000 bu. The wheat on passage from India, Aug. 26 was 3,872,000 bu. One year ago the quantity was 3,168,000 bu.

The Liverpool market on Friday was quoted quiet, with light demand. Quotations for American wheat were as follows: No. 2 red winter, 7s. 2d. per cental. No. 2 spring, 7s. 4d.; California Club, 7s. 4d. per cental, all grades showing a decline of 1d. during the week.

The exports of butter from New York since May 1, the beginning of the trade year, compare as follows:

Exports, lbs.

For week ending Sept. 15... 596,400
Sept. 16 to 18... 584,864
Since May 1, 1890... 5,897,610
Same time last year... 8,560,420

CHEESE.

The receipts of cheese in this market the past week were 11,678 bu. against 11,837 bu. the previous week, and 1,944 bu. for the corresponding week in 1889. Shipments for the week were 4,183 bu. against 13,276 bu. for the previous week, and 9,983 bu. for the corresponding week in 1889. The visible supply of cheese in the country on Sept. 13 amounted to 8,150,539 bu., against 8,351,146 bu. the previous week, and 12,891,950 bu. at the same date in 1889. The visible supply shows a decrease during the week indicated of 120,407 bu. The stocks now held in this city amount to 5,363 bu. against 4,852 bu. last week, and 9,574 bu. at the corresponding date in 1889. Cheese has held steady in this market the past week, and values are close to the range last reported. The latest reports from this State show a loss of condition in the southwest from previous estimates, unchanged in the southern tier of eastern counties, and an improvement in the middle northern counties, or along the line of the D. & M. R. R. north, when the corn was not so badly hurt by the drought, and was in condition to be helped by the late August and early September rains. Still the crop as a whole must be a very light one. Quotations here are 51c per lb. for No. 2, 50c for No. 3, 53½c for No. 2 yellow, and 53c for No. 3 yellow. In futures No. 2 sold at 47½c for December, and 50c was asked for May. The Chicago market yesterday lost 3c, and is lower than a week ago all around. The range was as follows: No. 2, 47½c; No. 2 yellow, 45½c; No. 3 47½c; No. 3 yellow, 43½c. In futures No. 2 for September closed at 47½c, and for May at 50c per bu.

The Liverpool market yesterday was quoted steady with light demand. Quotations were as follows: Spot, 4s. 5d.; September, 4s. 5½; October, 4s. 6½; November, 4s. 7d.

The exports of cheese from New York since May 1 (the beginning of the trade year) compare as follows:

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Sept. 20, 1890.

Poetry.

THE BONNIE LAND O' BURNS.

The wild, sweet moors are all a-feather,
With the sun an' the wind by turns
A kissin' the face o' the purple heather,
The blooms in every sort o' weather,
In the bonnie land o' Burns.

But sweater far than the hills or the heather
Is the face of my Elspeth Gray!—
Though her ruddy cheeks are stained with the
weather,

An' her little han's are as brown as leather
Wi' tolling the livelylong day.

But she merrily sings at her work in the daytime,
An' her breed she cheeryly sings.

At work in the open air o' the Maytime—
Oh! her maiden life is one pleasant playtime

In the bonnie land o' Burns.

I passed her in the pleasant gloamin',
An' she sat in the open door,

While the last red beam o' sun went roamin'
Over her sanded floor.

An' I paused and she blushed in furious fashion,
But proud an' upright stood she,

With her gray blue Scottish eyes a-flashin'
As proud as proud could be—

An' she looked as gran' as my Lady Mary
With her bosom nosegay o' ferns,

An' her eot was the castle an' she the fairy,
O' the magic land o' Burns!

"Come han," she said, "an' she tried to look
gravely."

But the blush would burn me awhile;
Though she met my eyes an' she did it bravely,
But she couldn't check the smile.

An' we sat at her door in the deepening gloam-
ing,
An' talked as the shadows chased
The beam o' day, an' the ghost went roaming—
An' my arm stole 'round her waist.

An' I stole a han', an' I stole two kisses—
A kiss an' a fern by turns—
An' I didn't care for the loud wind's hisses,
It only envied our lovers' bilsses

An' it swept the land o' Burns.

* * * * *

The wild, free down were all a-feather
The day that we were wed.

An' Elspeth wore a wreath o' heather,
Sweet w' the frolomesk one o' the weather

In her locks o' tawny red.

I stole a tuft as we came frane the marriage—
A kiss an' a tuft by turns—

An' we were as gran', though we boasted no
carriage.

As any twa in the land o' Burns!

—Letitia Virginia Douglas.

A COUNTRY COURTSHIP.

Driving the cows from the upper meadow—
Beauty and Bridle and Besse;

Now in the sunlight, now in the shadow,
And now in the wind's case;

With song as we went, now the starling
Is wont to the skies to trill;

Mollie, the farmer's daughter and darling,
Comes tripping down the hill.

Purple and black are the braided tresses
Her dainty temples that crown;

Light's her step on the sword it presses,
As fall of the thistly down.

The squirrels peek from the wayside hedges,

As the maiden moves along,

And count it chief of their privileges

To list to her jocund song.

Down where the alders and slender rushes
Border the rivulet's banks,

And the widened sweep of the water gushes

Under the bridge's broad planks;

Whistling a love song, in broken snatches—

His hat pushed back from his brows—

Robin, the miller, awaits and watches

For the coming of the cows.

Up to their knees in the stream, the cattle

Drink deep of its crystal flow;

Little they care for the lovers' pratice;

Or the bliss the twain may know;

Their heaving sides with their drangus dis-

tended.

They enter the path again,

And crop the grasses, with heads low bended,

On either side of the lane.

The shadows deepen; the dew is sprinkling

With diamonds all the meads;

And faint and far, in the distance tinkling,

The sound of the bell reedes;

Still on the bridge where the water glistens,

As the moonlight on it falls,

The miller talks, and the maiden listens,

But the cows are in their stalls.

—W. D. Kelly, in *Ladies' Home Journal*.

Miscellaneous.

THE REVOLT OF "MOTHER"

BY MARY E. WILKINS.

"Father!"
"What is it?"
"What are them men diggin' over there in the field for?"

There was a sudden dropping and enlarging
of the lower part of the old man's face,
as if some heavy weight had settled therein;
he shut his mouth tight, and went on har-
nessing the great bay mare. He hustled the
collar on to her neck with a jerk.

"Father!"
The old man slapped the saddle upon the
mare's back.

"Look here, father, I want to know what
them men are diggin' over in the field for,
an' I'm goin' to the house, mother,
an' tend to our own affairs," the old man
then said. He ran his words together and
his speech was almost as inarticulate as a
growl.

But the woman understood; it was her
most native tongue. "I ain't goin' into the
house till you tell me what them men are
doin' over there in the field," said she.

Then she stood waiting. She was a small
woman, short and straight-waisted like a
child in her brown cotton gown. Her fore-
head was mild and benevolent between the
smooth curves of gray hair; there were meek
downward lines about her nose and mouth;
but her eyes, fixed upon the old man, look-
ed as if the meekness had been the result of
her own will, never the will of another.

They were in the barn, standing before
the wide open doors. The spring air, full of
the smell of growing grass and unseen blos-
soms, came in their faces. The deep yard
in front was littered with farm wagons and
piles of wood; on the edges, close to the
fence and the house, the grass was a vivid
green, and there were some dandelions.

The old man glanced doggedly at his wife
as he tightened the last buckle on the har-
ness. She looked as immovable to him as
one of the rocks in his pasture-land, bound
to the earth with generations of blackberry

vines. He slapped the reins over the horse,
and started forth from the barn.

"Father!" said she.

The old man pulled up. "What is it?"

"I want to know what them men are dig-
gin' over there in that field for."

"They're diggin' a cellar, I s'pose, if
you've got to know."

"A cellar for what?"

"A barn."

"A barn? You ain't goin' to build a barn
over there where we was goin' to have a
house, father?"

The old man said not another word. He
hurried the horse into the farm wagon, and
clattered out the yard, jouncing as sturdily
on his seat as a boy.

The woman stood a moment looking after
him, then she went out of the barn across
a corner of the yard to the house. The
house, standing at right angles with the
great barn and a long reach of sheds and out-
buildings, was infinitesimal compared with
them. It was scarcely as commodious for
people as the little boxes under the barn
eaves were for doves.

Nobility of character manifests itself at
loopholes when it is not provided with large
doors. Sarah Penn's showed itself today in
flaky dishes of pastry. So she made the
pies faithfully, while across the table she
could see, when she gazed up from her
work, the sight that rankled in her patient
and steadfast soul—the digging of the cellar
of the new barn in the place where Adoniram
forty years ago had promised her their
new home should stand.

The pies were done for dinner. Adoniram
and Sammy were home a few minutes
after twelve o'clock. The dinner was eaten
with serious haste. There was never much
conversation at the table in the Penn family.
Adoniram asked a blessing, and they ate
promptly, then rose up and went about their
work.

Sammy went back to school, taking soft
sly steps out of the yard like a rabbit. He
wanted a game of marbles before school,
and feared his father would give him some
chores to do. Adoniram hastened to the
door and called after him, but he was out of
sight.

"What are they diggin' for, mother?"
said she. "Did he tell you?"

"They're diggin' for—a cellar for a new
barn."

"Ob, mother, he ain't goin' to build an-
other barn?"

"That's what he says."

A boy stood before the kitchen glass
combing his hair. He combed slowly and
painstakingly, arranging his brown hair in
a smooth hillock over his forehead. He
did not seem to pay any attention to the
conversation.

"Sammy, did you know father was goin'
to build a new barn?" asked the girl.

The boy combed assiduously.

"Sammy!"

He turned and showed a face like his
father's under his smooth crest of hair.

"Yes, I 'posse I did," he said, reluctantly.

"How long have you known it?" asked
his mother.

"Bout three months, I guess."

"Why didn't you tell of it?"

"I didn't think it would do no good."

"I don't see what father wants another
barn for," said the girl, in her sweet, slow
voice. She turned again to the window, and
stared out at the digging men in the field.
Her tender sweet face was full of a
gentle distress. Her forehead was as bald
and innocent as a baby's, with the light
hair strained back from it in a row of curl-
papers. She was quite large, but her soft
curves did not look as if they covered much.

"Sammy, did you know father was goin'
to build a new barn?" asked the girl.

The boy did not reply; he was tying his
shoes.

"Sammy, I want you to tell me if he's
goin' to buy more cows."

"I s'pose he is."

"How many?"

"Four, I guess."

His mother looked sternly at the boy. "Is
he goin' to buy more cows?" said she.

The boy did not reply; he was tying his
shoes.

"Sammy, I want you to tell me if he's
goin' to buy more cows."

"I s'pose he is."

"How many?"

"Four, I guess."

His mother said nothing more. She went
into the pantry, and there was a clatter of
dishes. The boy got his cap from a nail
behind the door, took an old arithmetic from
the shelf, and started for school. He was
lightly built but clumsy. He went out of
the yard with a curious spring in the hips,
that made his loose home-made jacket tilt
up in the rear.

The girl went to the sink, and began to
wash the dishes that were piled up there.

Her mother came promptly out of the pan-
try, and shoved her aside. "You wipe 'em,"
said she; "I'll wash. There's a good many
this mornin'."

The mother plucked her hands vigorously
into the water, the girl wiped the plates
slowly and dreamily. "Mother," said she,
"don't you think it's too bad a father's goin'
to build that new barn, much as we need
it?"

"I want to know what you're buildin'
that new barn for, father?"

"I ain't got nothing to say about it."

"It can't be you think you need another
barn?"

"I tell ye I ain't got nothin' to say about it,"
said she; "an' I ain't goin' to say nothin'."

"Be you goin' to buy more cows?"

Adoniram did not reply; he shut his
mouth tight.

"I know you, as well as I want to, now,"
said the girl. "There's all the room I've had
not sat down; she stood before her husband
in the humble fashion of a Scripture woman

—"I'm goin' to talk real plain to you; I
never have seen since I married you, but I'm
goin' to now. I ain't never complained,

an' I ain't goin' to complain now, but I'm
goin' to talk plain. You see this room here,
father; you look at it well. You see there
ain't no carpet on the floor, an' you see the
paper is all dirty, an' droppin' off the walls.

We ain't had no newspaper on it for ten
years, an' then I put it on myself, an' it
didn't cost me nime-pence a roll. You see
this room, father; it's all the one I've had
since I married you, but I'm goin' to talk
plain to you; I never have seen since I married
you, but I'm goin' to now. I ain't never
complained, an' I ain't goin' to complain now,
but I'm goin' to talk plain. You see this room
here, father; you look at it well. You see there
ain't no carpet on the floor, an' you see the
paper is all dirty, an' droppin' off the walls.

Charles reports that the milk should be
about two-thirds water until baby is about
five or six weeks old.

"What if he should have the croup?"
asked Mrs. Charles, with a gap, at eleven.

"Babies of his age don't have croup."

"Are you sure?"

"Nurse said so."

"Oh, I'm so glad. But, oh dear, if he
should have a spasm!"

"I guess he won't."

fairly yelled: "He's on fire!"
room was de-
and, rushed from
there were
pouring out of
the cracks
was a frantic
the well, and
But some
with a bucket
nearly ex-
others arrived
to get order re-
Bob had ac-
little had star-
barrel with a
risky piece of
the sharp-
the bad damp-
would make
ard had covered
loose boards

UMBLED.
Brought a Bank
seller of a Nas-
pleasant ex-
week, says the
all young man
as though they
landscape gar-
window and
in—"he be-
ness," snapped
within. "I'll
lowed this ad-
ended him, and
nt he returned,
ike," he said.
any mistakes
now," responded

ons; move on."
the tall young
a bill at the
ng to tell you
o much, but I
"he added as
over the red-
called.
ess; I shall suff-
t" called the
more agitated,
the window and
responded the
othingly, "we
after leaving

at, come back
from the win-
ue was attrac-
tall young man
and said shap-
gain and again
ed for the firm,
mpy, ungentle-
To-day you
aid me, and you
er. Instead of
o much, and I
Want you. If
your meanness
it and obliging
e the \$50 bill
ation."

I do not hear what
ered, but his
n of the \$50 bill
on.

"I don't want to, now or ever," I said,
but loud enough for her to hear.

"Mrs. Franklin's" was just across the
street from our house, but their shade
trees did not hide the view so much as ours.

In a few minutes I heard mother and
girls go out at the side door and cross the lawn. Marcia, as she closed
the door after her, asked: "Where is
Isabella? Isn't she coming?"

"I told her she might," said my
mother. "I think she will be along by
and by."

"I think she won't," I muttered, and
made all haste down-stairs. This was
my opportunity to secure cookies and jam
and any other necessities I could find.

I trudged back and forth from collar to
attic several times with supplies. Not
a bit of bread did I take, or even meat,
but pies and cakes and preserves in
abundance. I must have been an as-
tonishing duncie, withal, for I do not re-
member having the least doubt as to
right to take all these things, for
they were my mother's, and, of course,
she would want me to have plenty to
eat. Yet I was going to run away from
her.

It was after I had eaten my solitary
upper of bread and milk, and was pre-
paring to make another trip to the attic
to carry my dearly-bought Rollo book
and a few other books and pictures to
amuse my lonely hours, that mother
opened the stair door and called out:

"Isabella, if you are ready to be a
good girl you may come down in time
to see the fire-balls. We are going over
to Mrs. Franklin's to get a good view.
You may come now, if you want to."

"I don't want to, now or ever," I said,

but loud enough for her to hear.

"Mrs. Franklin's"

was just across the
street from our house, but their shade
trees did not hide the view so much as ours.

I clung close to mother. "O, mother,
no!" I almost shrieked, "you never
will, never!"

"No," said my mother, holding me
close, "we never will; father does not
mean that; but to-morrow we will run
away together as much as this; we must
live, you and I, while these things last,
on the provision you made for the future."

You shall try how you like so

much of running away, but mother will
run with you."

I tried to make it seem an unpleasant
thing to do, but the cake and pies
looked nice, and I honestly could not
decide whether to take a lighted lamp to
the attic, or to strike a match there.
This being the case, how was I to have
light? There was the lantern, but it was
quite empty and hung on a high
 nail in the back kitchen. It was of no
use for me to think of filling it, for that
was another forbidden thing. I decided
that there was nothing for me to do but
live in darkness after the sun went
down, and I resolved to rise very early,
so as to have a long enough day to be
willing to go to sleep as soon as twilight
fell. Poor little simpleton! I am
actually sorry for my silliness and ignorance
as I look back upon it all. How
little suspicion had I as to what a long
bright summer day could make of itself
as a little girl shut up in a lonely attic,
with nothing to do, and nobody to speak
to. Not for a moment did it occur to
me to take the lamp or the matches, or
touch the lantern; I had not the slight
inclination of disobeying either father
or mother. Yet I was about to run away!
But that, you understand, had
never been forbidden.

It was years afterwards before I under-
stood why they all went into shouts
of laughter over that earnestly-put
question.

POOR LITTLE WILLY.

sympathetic Street-Car Passengers Ease
the Grief of a Little Girl.

A little girl, carrying a suspicious
looking bundle, stopped a Madison
street car the other day, says the Chicago
Journal. She was very ragged, very
wretched, and the tears ran down her face.

The clock is incased in a mahogany
box and the back is of steel: The whole
piece weighs about 400 pounds, is about
three feet high, and is nearly as many
feet long to the idea.

"Cause little Willy's dead, sir, and I
haven't got any money and I live away
out at California avenue, and I've got to
take him home and oh, what will poor
little Tommy say when he knows little
Willy is dead, and won't you please let
me ride, sir, and I'll give you the money
the next time I see you, boo-hoo! boo-hoo!"
and the child's rapid string of
senseless explanations was cut short by
another fit of crying.

It was pretty tough to make a hearse
of his street car and for a minute or two
the man hard by knew what to do, but
one of the gentlemen handed him five
cents and made room for the child and
her dreary burden beside him, so her
ride was assured.

"When did little Willy die?" asked
the sympathetic gentleman when the
little girl was once more quiet. "This
afternoon, sir. Just a little bit ago
when I was crossing State street with
him a wagon came along and boo-hoo! ran
over him."

Hubert—These trousers that I
want to wear on the fishing party have
not a single suspender button on." Wife (sweetly)—"Then, John, if your
party is drowned I shall be able to
identify your body from the others."
Husband (savagely)—"No, you won't;
either; the others are all married men,
boo-hoo! ran over him."

After missing me all those long, long
years, I should walk in. There was a
little immediate bitterness in the
thought that no one seemed to miss me
from the piazza over the way and come
in search of me, but I reflected that
save for the glare of the fire-balls the
night was dark, and they probably
thought I was among the groups of chil-
dren whose voices I could hear. I
might venture to watch the balls for a
little while, so I pushed open the door
of mother's room.

Shall I ever forget the sight that met
my frightened eyes? The room was a
blaze of light, and the soft white curtains
not only, but the bed and the little
stand beside it were in flames. On the
floor just under the window was one of
those great balls blazing away with all
its might, and looking like nothing so
much as an awful eye of fire glaring at
me.

What did I do? I hardly know. Yes,
I shut the window on the opposite side
of the room; I remember that, because
a light breeze was blowing, and I knew
it would fan the flames. I brought the
water pitcher and poured its contents on
the blazing bed; for the rest, I
yelled with all the strength of my
strong young lungs: "Fire! fire! fire!"—
yelled to such good purpose that in less
time than it took me to tell it the
room was filled with people, with voices,
with water, with smoke, with confusion,
and the fire was out.

"It had not been discovered im-
mediately," said my father, "not only the
house but the whole street would
have gone; the wind is rising rapidly
and the fire-balls would have helped along;
as it is, I don't see how we es-
caped."

"How did you happen to come into the
room, Isabella? What were you doing in
the house, any way? I thought you came over to Mrs. Frank-
lin's." It was my sister Mary who
asked the question. Mother had not
questioned me at all; she stood with
both arms wrapped around me and one
hand smoothing back my hair. She saw
that the fire had frightened me very
much.

I burst into tears and sobs, and tried
to talk at the same time. "I didn't go
to Mrs. Franklin's; I ran away—I mean
I meant to. I was never had back some
teeth pulled. I was going to live in the
attic always, all alone, but I don't mean to
do that; I don't want to; I don't want ever to
go away from you one minute!"

I sobbed out this remarkable story in
jerks, with many tears between, and at
each I burrowed my head into my
mother's breast, as though I could hide it
forever from view, and cried as I have
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had almost lost that blessed mother.

"Well, if ever I heard any thing like
that in all my life," Mary said; but
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mured: "Poor little girl! did she want to
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"I don't want to, now or ever," I said,
but loud enough for her to hear.

"Mrs. Franklin's" was just across the
street from our house, but their shade
trees did not hide the view so much as ours.

In a few minutes I heard mother and
girls go out at the side door and cross the lawn.

Marcia, as she closed the door after her,
asked: "Where is Isabella? Isn't she coming?"

"I told her she might," said my mother.
"I think she will be along by and by."

"I think she won't," I muttered, and
made all haste down-stairs. This was
my opportunity to secure cookies and jam
and any other necessities I could find.

I trudged back and forth from collar to
attic several times with supplies. Not
a bit of bread did I take, or even meat,
but pies and cakes and preserves in
abundance. I must have been an as-
tonishing duncie, withal, for I do not re-
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right to take all these things, for
they were my mother's, and, of course,
she would want me to have plenty to
eat. Yet I was going to run away from
her.

It was after I had eaten my solitary
upper of bread and milk, and was pre-
paring to make another trip to the attic
to carry my dearly-bought Rollo book
and a few other books and pictures to
amuse my lonely hours, that mother
opened the stair door and called out:

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THE MICHIGAN FARMER.

THE WEBSTER FARMERS' CLUB.

After a two months' vacation this club again met at the pleasant home of our ex-president, G. W. Merrill, on Saturday, Sept. 8th. All seemed glad of an opportunity to again meet and discuss matters of importance to farmers.

The meeting was called to order by President Olesver and some preliminary business transacted, after which Mrs. Wm. Scadon read a poem of her own composition which was considered well worthy a place in the HOUSEHOLD OF THE MICHIGAN FARMER, and its publication was unanimously requested by the club.

Wm. E. Stocking, of Lima, gave an interesting talk of a half hour or more. He spoke earnestly in favor of farmers organizing to protect their rights. The influence of the Grange and the many other farmers' organizations is being felt. The farmers' clubs that are being organized all over the country are a step in the right direction. All other classes of business combine to promote and protect their interests. We as farmers must do the same.

After Mr. Stocking's remarks, a general and earnest discussion took place which showed that the farmers are alive to these questions of importance to them.

For several years past this club has held a fair in connection with its October meeting. This year it was voted to hold an exposition at the next meeting, which will be the second Saturday in October, at the spacious home of Johnson Backus, in the township of Webster.

E. S. CUSHMAN, Cor. Sec.

Cows belonging to some of the city milk dealers have been dying in large numbers during the past month. It is believed the regulations relative to the driving of Texas cattle through the city have been disregarded.

The Fair.

Keeping Quality of Cheese.

The cheese trade of the present period presents different phases than it used to, some of which we will consider. The makers of the past had to produce stock possessed of long keeping qualities, at least that was his aim, though in the endeavor to use a modern slang expression, he often "got left." In youth the writer's associations were linked with cheese and cheese making, and we can often remember following afar off the August cheese buyer of the parish who, robed in a long green duster, would ride up to the factory once a month or so, and, with an air of profound wisdom, go to inspect the cheese. They lay on pine counters, long yellow rows numbered by the many hundred, the accumulation of a least two months' manufacture. Despite precautions the crucial heat of mid-summer had laid its hand heavily on many of the oldest, and the buyer complains of "off flavor"; a few cracks and crevices have escaped the eye of the busy maker, and the gentleman in line detects evidence of skimmers. Then he takes another general survey of the stock and button-holes the proprietor one side to make an offer. He is working for a New York commission and shipping house, and his actions are controlled by their telegrams. If the salesman is shrewd, perhaps there is a long time consumed in striking a bargain, or perhaps no sale is consummated at all, and another buyer with different figures gets the lot a week or a fortnight hence. That's the way it once was, but now times are different. If the factormen then had facilities for placing their cured cheese in cold storage, large financial losses might have been averted and general quality kept on a higher plane. The way it is now with regular weekly shipments from the factory, and but few cheeses held on the shelves of greater age than fifteen or twenty days, keeping quality is not made a prime object with the average maker. Is this always the course of wisdom? We think not, and will state our reasons. In order to get a cheese ready for market in from twelve to fourteen days from the hoop a large amount of rennet must be used to quickly coagulate the milk; but a slight trace of acid must be tolerated or there will be too much firmness to overcome, and for the same reason salt is used in sparing proportion. The result is that the activity of the rennet unhampered by acid or salt soon mellows the cheese into edible quality, which if quickly consumed answers all purposes, but if not we to its future flavor for it possesses no stable foundation to stand upon. Even with a ready market makers should always be careful not to carry this subject of quick maturity to an extreme; rather keep on the safe side and be conservative in this line. Superiors with no real practical knowledge have no right to dominate to makers the standard they are to go by in cheese making. A good cheese maker ought to comprehend the requisites of turning out a perfect article without dictation from men with superficial trade knowledge; if not, he is not fit to work over a vat. Be ware of keeping a thoroughly cured cheese in a high temperature. Cold storage is the place for it.—Geo. E. Newell, in *Dairy World*.

Dairy Notes.

LAST week the East Otto, Springville and Cleverfield combination cheese factories of Western New York sold their August milk at \$1/cwt.

C. P. GOODRICH, at a Wisconsin institute, said: "I think as good a grain ration as you can get for cows is one-third bran, one-third ground oats, and one-third corn-meal, all by weight, about 12 to 14 pounds to each cow daily."

MR. HERRINGTON, an experienced dairyman, says cotton seed meal will never do for feed if prime butter is expected to be made. There will be a taste about the butter that's disagreeable. Good clover or alfalfa hay, he says, with bran, cornmeal and sugar beets, will be good enough. There is nothing better.

AFTER speaking hopefully of the prospect for September cheese the Utica *Herald* says: "Meanwhile, there is some uncertainty about August stock. It had to encounter some very hot weather, and buyers seem rather insecure as to its keeping qualities. Home trade has thus far taken it quite freely, regarding it as a good investment at

something like 9@9½¢, and with the prospect that September stock will sell at least 1 or more higher. Indeed this is the basis for present market prices, as shippers would not have consented to such rates if they had not been forced to it."

Veterinary Department

Conducted by prof. Robert Jennings, Veterinary Surgeon. Professional advice through the columns of the Michigan Farmer to all regular subscribers free. Full name and address will be necessary to identify the author of any communication. The symptoms should be accurately described to ensure correct treatment. No questions answered personally by mail unless accompanied by a fee of one dollar.

Private address, No. 10 First St., Detroit, Mich.

Cestrus Ovis or Sheep Bot, Grub in the Head.

PONTIAC, Sept. 12, 1890.

Veterinary Editor of the Michigan Farmer.

I would like to inquire through the columns of your paper if sheep are liable to die at this time of the year from grub in the head? Now I have buried seven lately, six lambs, one two year old ram, a Shropshire, and they were in the very best condition. Now they would stand and thrash about but would not eat. I opened the nostrils in such pain. I opened the heads of two of them and found the grub located in the nostrils just under the nose. Now there were several more that were affected, and what I want to do is tell you how I served them and I did not lose any more. I took and scattered slaked lime on the stable floor and drove them through it at four different times, and it would set them sneezing and I thing they got rid of the grub that way. Now as to the cause: I think they stand under a shade tree until it got very foul and perhaps there was not much to eat. They had to stand and burp had to suffer to the extent of a strong 25 cents per hundred, and in some cases even more towards the close of the market. At all times I have had access to a plowed field, but that was wet all the time so no dust would rise from it. Hoping this may benefit some of your readers that may be troubled the same way.

SUBSCRIBER.

Answer.—The grub you describe is the larva of the *estrus ovis* or goat fly of sheep. The presence of these grubs are a great annoyance to the animal when on their march up the nostrils to the frontal sinuses, where they are found in the spring of the year fully developed grubs. Their presence is always indicated by excitement and alarm; the sheep collect in groups, with their heads turned inwards and their noses close to the ground or poked into any loose dirt within their reach, affording temporary protection from an attack of their common enemy. The eggs of the fly are deposited upon the margin of the nostrils, where they are hatched by the warmth of parts; they then commence their journey up the nostrils and locate in the frontal sinuses, where they are developed during the winter months. We have never known of these grubs doing any injury at this season of the year.

Commercial.

DETROIT WHOLESALE MARKET.

DETROIT, September 20, 1890.

FLOUR.—Market quiet. Minn. patents are no higher, and car is lower. No other changes. Quotations on car lots are as follows:

Michigan roller process..... 4 15 24 75
Minn. 100%..... 6 15 24 75
Minnesota baker..... 6 15 24 75
Minnesota, patents..... 5 55 24 75
Rye..... 3 60 24 75
Wheat..... 3 00 24 75

WHEAT.—Prices are lower than a week ago on both spot and futures. Yesterday the market was dull, and prices closed lower all around. New York and Chicago and St. Louis were also lower. Trading light. Quotations at the close yesterday were as follows: No. 1 white, 97¢; No. 2 white, 96¢; No. 3 white, 95¢; 2 red, 95¢; No. 3 red, 95¢. Closing price, futures were as follows: No. 2 red, October, 96¢; December, \$1.01.

CORN.—Quiet and steady. Quoted as follows: No. 2, 55¢; No. 3, 50¢; No. 2 yellow, 52¢; No. 3 yellow, 50¢.

GATES.—Market quiet but values higher. Quoted as follows: No. 3 white, 40¢; No. 3 white, 39¢; No. 2 1/2¢; No. 2 mixed, 40¢; light mixed, 39¢.

BARLEY.—Now quoted at \$1.30 1/2 per cental, outside for No. 2. Sales by sample were made yesterday at \$1.35; \$1.36 and \$1.40. Receipts for the week, 23,712 bush.; shipments, 1,860 bush. There are quite a number of buyers through the country looking for barley. Keep close watch of the market.

RYE.—Quoted at 6¢ per bu. for No. 2 and firm.

FEED.—Winter bran quoted at \$1.00 1/4 per ton; middlings, \$1.00 1/2 per ton.

BUTTER.—Quotations are as follows: Choice, 100¢; Fair, to good, 98¢; creamy, 98¢; 100¢. Market firm.

CHEESE.—Michigan full creamed held at 92¢ per lb. for choice.

EGGS.—Steady at 17¢ per doz. Receipts only fair. These prices were paid at the Failes market.

FEED.—Winter bran quoted at \$1.00 1/4 per ton; middlings, \$1.00 1/2 per ton.

HONEY.—Quoted at 14¢ 1/2¢ for new comb. Extracted, 12¢ per lb. Demands fair.

BEEF.—Quoted as follows: Choice, 100¢; Fair, to good, 98¢; creamy, 98¢; 100¢. Market firm.

CLOVER SEED.—Market active. Prime in demand at 24¢ per bu. For future delivery 100 bush. Decemb. sold at \$1.35.

CHYNOSE.—Quoted at 90¢ per ton for city hand-picked stock. Unpicked sold at \$1.25 1/2¢ per bu. Out of store prices are 50¢ higher.

CHYNOSE.—Market active in demand without dictation from men with superficial trade knowledge; if not, he is not fit to work over a vat. Be ware of keeping a thoroughly cured cheese in a high temperature. Cold storage is the place for it.—Geo. E. Newell, in *Dairy World*.

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